

James Bond - The Icy Wind of Vengeance ~ Intro

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Summary: A gripping, fast paced intro to new Bond fanfic that will blow your mind

James Bond - The Icy Wind of Vengeance ~ Intro

Bond rounded the corner quickly. His eyes scoured the hallway as he traced the wall with the laser sight. The corridor extended 30ft into the complex with the end in complete darkness. A bead of sweat ran down his forehead as he realised his breathing increased. He reached down to his combats and pulled out a heat sensor. He quickly turned it on and with a slow hum the indicator showed the main heat sources, people, machines but most importantly the power facility. He replaced the indicator and moved forward slowly. He moved a couple of feet down the hall when a second figure dressed the same as Bond brandishing a silenced PPK rounded the corner as well. Bond signalled to him, two people behind the door, probably guards with 3 more further in. The second agent relayed this to a third agent who had just appeared. He was holding a silenced Heckler and Koch MP5. 007, 003 and 001 advanced slowly, their senses alert, it was deadly silent except the slow vibrations through the wall. His eyes travelled up and down the hall. He halted abruptly, above them was a camera pointing down a corridor the intersected the corridor. Bond removed a tazer and put it out of action with a flash of electric blue. The vibrations were getting stronger and bond was clearly worried. Their entry had been successful so far as their incursion had taken them 200ft underground. They neared the door, which was a clod steel alloy. It was about 1 foot thick and electromagnetically sealed. The third agent quickly checked the flank, and 007 and 003 went to work. The second agent removed the bag swung round his neck and placed it on the ground. They rummaged through and removed to chunks of C5, a new secret explosive developed by MI6, devastatingly powerful, almost 5 times its little brother, C4.

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'They've neared the main chamber and are fixing charges' said the man as they looked on to the main centre screen. 'How long till lock down', replied the woman sitting in the leather chair just behind him. 'They have two more minutes for pacification then exit

time 3 minutes. M pondered what T ,her junior said. He had sent her 3 best agents into the most dangerous installation yet, a rogue Russian nuclear development centre, lost for many years since the collapse of communism in the Eastern Block. Runaway nuclear chemists funded and controlled by an American businessman now ran it, or so they suspected. 'Do you think they can do it,' asked a man standing in the shadows. He had a rich Texas accent and a plume of cigar smoke rose above his head. 'They've got further than your lot, haven't they, so lets just see what happens', M replied quickly. She had little time for arrogant men, let alone the head of the secret branch of section, and elite centre of intelligence located deep under the Rockies. Indeed, they now were further, for her agents were now placing charges on the door to the main complex, their target, whereas the American had sent a team of 10 agents to penetrate the facility. M did not want to recollect the brutality of their executions, but she had enough concern to be worried about her agents. To the American it was collateral damage, to her it was a disaster.

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003 had placed the final charged and backed off. Bond scanned the door once again and confirmed that the people had not moved. He replaced his PPK in the shoulder holster and brought the MP9 slung around his shoulder into play. He removed the clip and starred down at the glasser bullets in the magazine. They acted like shotgun shells, as the tip separated after discharge spreading over an ever-increasing radius. He replaced the magazine and cocked the gun. He wagged it around in mid air as he tested the balance. The two agents with him also repeated his actions, as the crouched behind a bulkhead in the wall. He slowly rolled the balaclava over his face and adjusted it so his eyesight was not compromised. He looked behind him and the other agents confirmed they were ready.

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The second group of men were about 200 metres behind Bond and the other agents. They wore different, cold grey combats and were brandishing M16's also suppressed. They came to a halt and the ten soldiers peered down through the ventilation grating. They moved their heads as their night vision goggles peered through the cold damp corridors facing towards the main chamber. The leader quickly scoured ahead before talking into his headphones. His accent was a cross between broken Dutch and German and his words were harsh and cruel. 'Targets due North, 200m' he whispered into the microphone. He quickly received a message and he relayed it to his crew. 'Sit tight and wait for them'.

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Deep within the city of Prague a room was in utter darkness as two men sat analysing the imagery coming from the soldiers camera's mounted on their shoulders. They whispered incessantly into the microphones in a thick German tongue that was hard to place. Before them was a 3D rendered image of the complex, the position of them and the 00 agents and also that of the workers. They had complete intelligence of the facility and intended to use it. In the shadows stood a man who was mystifying to the eyes of many. 'Where are they now', he uttered in the cool British tone of London. 'Waiting for them to strike Herr Commandant,' one of them barked. 'Good', he uttered in a drawn out way, almost savouring the word. 'Good', he repeated, 'when they do strike wait for the reaction before going in, I don't want us to end up with any casualties, it's hard to use men who are dead.' His voice had one of aristocracy that had an icy sadistic edge. He took another puff from his cigarette before melting back into the shadows.

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007 watched the timer tick down on his watch as the charges waited to blow, 5...4...3...2...1...the watch bleeped as the explosion fired metal down the corridor. The whole facility shook as the agents held on. After the explosion was over they leapt up quickly,

with 003 leading the way, they activated their laser sights before moving further in. They quickly moved into the chamber, their boots crunching on the splintered metal and shattered glass. A guard in a Russian army suit charged at them, but 007 pointed his gun and spat a volley of bullets into the chest of his victim. He slumped the floor as two more guards opened fire from the walkway above. The three agents split off along the ground darting the machine gun fire as they navigated through experiments and complex computers. 003 silenced the second guard and continued forward. 001 by this time had found the walkway ladder and paced up it to dispatch the last guard. A second door opened and a group of guards charged in. 007 fired another volley before ducking down behind a cabinet. The bullets whistled past him as he sat looking down the corridor they had entered through. He tuned and blindly shot a barrage of glassers that felled three guards. The remaining guards' kalashnicofs continued firing an endless wall of metal. Bond reached down and from another pocket removed a tactical grenade. He primed it and slid it along the floor into the melee of guards. The grenade exploded enveloping five of them in fire and they ran around screaming until their charred bodies fell to the ground. 001 then fired from the walkway silencing the remaining guards after 003 removed his assailants. No sooner had the firing stopped than Bond was fired at from the other side. He turned quickly to find 4 guards running down the corridor towards him firing. He fired his gun and the glassers whizzed through the air. One guard got caught in the chest, another got hit by a ricochet of the wall. Bond then pulled the trigger again to hear a loud click, he tried again but again they clicked. He was overcome with fear and panic as he pulled the magazine out from the MP9. He gazed with terror as he stared at the empty clip. He quickly reached into his suit to find a replacement clip. The remaining guards were almost on him and as they raised their guns to fire, Bond stared down the endless dark of their barrels. He closed his eyes awaiting the darkness to envelop him. He heard gunfire followed by the thud of two bodies falling. Bond opened his eyes to see the two guards laying in a pool of their blood. He span round quickly to meet the eyes of 003. 'Clumsy James', uttered the agent. 'Thanks Thomas, that was too close', replied Bond. 'More coming', came the call from above and in a ecstasy of fumbling Bond picked up his MP9 and along with 003 ran up to the top deck to join 001 who was replacing his clip as well. 'How many?', Bond inquired. 'About 20', the third agent replied. 'Can you handle them?' returned Bond. 'Sure, Thomas position yourself over their and get them in the crossfire.' The second agent scuttled off along the walkway disappearing behind some crates. Bond moved towards the ladder up to the second walkway when an arm reached out and grabbed him. He turned to see an expression of anxiety across the third agent's face. 'For King and country James', he said, 'Do be careful won't you.' 'Course I will, you just focus on your job.' 001 smiled and released Bond who scurried up a ladder to the second tier. He moved his way round peering over the exposed side down the 4 stories to the floor. He quickly removed his bag and rummaged through until he found further C5 detonators. He laid them on ever exposed metal surface and each one's strong magnet rang as it connected to the vibrating metal. He picked up the master detonator and set the timer for 5 minutes before placing it onto the steel bulkhead of the main vent. 'Five minutes.' Bond called down. His words were repeated and echoed through the hall. Suddenly from both directions guards fell through the door firing at everything. Chemicals spilt over the floor as vial shattered as bullets penetrated them. The guards were first aware of the agents when they both opened fire. Bond peered down to see the crossfire of bullets. More guards appeared replacing

the dead. Soon it was almost a stalemate with no real advantage being played. Bond intervened by replacing his magazine with high velocity rounds. He opened his sight cover and peered through the magnification. The weapon shuddered as the bullets left the chamber flying down to the guards' positions. They were caught unaware as two fell followed shortly by another. The remaining guards scattered the hide from Bonds aerial onslaught that moved them into the line of fire of 001 and 003. They killed the remaining guards quickly who offered little resistance due the confusion. Bond had time to replace his magazine before more guards appeared led by a Russian colonel. They quickly broke file as the two agents from below opened fire. Bullets exchanged hands and a few guards fell. Bond then advanced to the next level to place the final set of charges.

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'Where are they now?' asked M. 'They are placing batch two charges now. Meeting heavy resistance, its going to take a miracle for them to escape alive', T replied, 'Yes but Bond is known for them, tell bond to hurry up, the times down to 3 minutes', said M with a hurried sense of urgency. 'Looks like your boys have come up against a brick wall', uttered the man in the shadows. It was followed by a quick laughter then a short sharp cough, a result of many years over smoking. 'Nothing they can't handle', M snapped back. She had grown tired of the American.

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But on the floor it was the opposite. The Russian were strengthening their positions and had forced the two agents to relocate twice due to well placed grenades. 'James, we're running out of juice down here!!', the second agent shouted up to Bond. Indeed they were running low on ammo and the relentless Russian attack was not easing.

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'What's that?', shouted M. She stood up and marched to the central screen pointing at the thermal images of 10 men running towards her agents positions. 'More guards I should imagine', replied T. 'No they came from the ventilation ducts, the same route as Bond, Thompson and Miller' M spat out. T turned and manipulated the view to get a better thermal definition. 'They are soldiers alright', T said, 'but not Russian, they are carrying M16's and are on a direct satellite feed in from somewhere'. T tapped some more keys and continue: 'It is and American encrypted CIA transmission'. 'How the hell do you know that!', boomed a voice from the corner of the room, 'That's heavily classified, not even the President knows that.' 'We just like to know what our friends are doing in our back yard', M replied, 'I just kno.....' M was cut off by the shrill voice of T. 'Jesus Christ look what's happening.' M turned and gazed amazed at the screen in front of her.

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Bond had finished laying the charges on the second tier when the explosion shook the installation. He was knocked back and rolled backwards off the edge of the walkway. He grabbed hold of the edge with both hands and took a sharp intake of breath as he saw the 7 story drop below him. He pulled himself up to see the smoke clear and the unmistakable firing of silenced M16's. He peered below to see rows of soldiers fall to the new assailants. The 00 agents now had the advantage and once again they rained lead onto the soldiers. Bond saw the grey suited men enter the chamber and saw how they ruthlessly cut down Russian after Russian. They caught the defenders off guard and not prepared to fight a battle on two fronts were open to attack. The grey soldiers continued firing until the last guard was silenced. 007 looked below him and saw the devastation. 40 or so soldiers lay dead in the chamber many bodies on top of bodies. Then one of the grey men walked towards a wheezing survivor. 'Please', he said in broken English. He would have said more but he was silenced by the discharge of a colt. The two 00 agents raised their heads above the

crates and peered at the new visitors. 'Identification!!!', screamed 001 who looked panicked.' Special CIA attachment, Code Mayfly 45 Alfa 1', one man called up. Bond recognised the code as the one associated with this incursion. The two 00 agents slowly moved from their positions and dismounted from the walkway. 'Thanks a lot mate, you sure saved us a few', remarked 003. The soldiers remained silent as Bond watched from above.

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'Is this one of your tricks, Orville!!!', shouted M to the man in the shadows. ' The man coughed and shook his head. M believed him as she noted the disbelief in his facial expression. She was concerned and anxious as she turned to watch helpless once more.

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001 and 003 lowered their guns and advance towards the leader. Bond could hear them talk but could not make out the words. He watched interested and confused. Had M sent another team from the states? Bond scanned over the men. A couple caught his attention as he thought he recognised them. He removed his pocket camera and took detailed photographs of them. These were then relayed back to the MI6 HQ on the Thames, London.

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'We have some names to put to some faces, tracing now,' T said to M who was standing there half enraged, half concerned. She watched as the face was compared to thousands in a database compiled over years of intelligence. Her heart froze as the first match was made. Hans Haslekov was a name she had not heard for years. Responsible for terrorist attacks, most notably wanted for the 17N murder of Brigadier Saunders. M was quick to react. 'GET THEM OUT OF THERE!!!', she barked. T turned round and relayed the information to Bond.

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He received it soon after having sent it and was frightened by the results 4 out of 5 were wanted heavy terrorists. Bond quickly spoke down his microphones to 001 and 003. Their guns were raised in a flash and they were at a stand off. The leader grumbled and then began to shout in garbled German. Bond watched as one of the men fired his colt twice, each bullet felling an agent. He watched the agents go taut as the bullets thumped into their bodies. 001 screamed and raised his gun in the air discharging several rounds. 003 just fell and Bond heard the crunch as his skull made contact with the floor. He stood transfixed as he watched the scene in slow motion. He was left staring at the corpses of his two friends.

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M stood silently in the tactical room at MI6. The room was silent and a single tear rolled down her cheek. T and Orville were also standing there amazed. There were gasps of breath and sharp short cries.

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Bond stood enraged and pointed his gun at the soldiers. He roared with rage as he discharged the entire clip into the soldiers below. Bullets ricocheted off the walls and five men were slain. The soldiers were caught off guard and fired blindly upwards. Bond backed off and replaced his clip. He was no longer thinking, he was operating on the killer breed instinct hammered into him by MI6. He took stock of the situation. The soldiers had the ladders covered and that was the only way out he looked around him to see a winch assembly hung in the middle of the room. Bond stepped back and charged at it. It was a good three metres away from the walkway and Bond collided with it so hard it winded him. His weight caused the assembly to move downwards, ever faster until he was almost at the first tier. He spun round and opened fire, canvassing the entire chamber in glasser fragments. One man got hit in the leg and he fell hard as Bond landed on the ground. Shortly before impact he dropped the MP9 and let go, sending the assembly skyward. The fell, landed

and rolled out, PPK in hand. He silenced the two men in front of him by spitting two glassers into their chests before darting for the door. He grabbed a crate and pulled it over to block the way and he sprinted out of the chamber. He primed a tactical grenade and lobbed it into the doorway and looked back to see the entrance engulfed in flame. One man with it he then threw two grenades down which collapsed the entrance in a ball of flame, dust and electrical sparks. He stared for a second before continuing running towards the surface. He quickly dispatched another two guards as he bolted into the heating room. He slammed the door and shot the opening mechanism. He stared at his watch 30 seconds. He started the ascent up the shaft to the surface, he had 100 feet to climb and he bolted up the ladder. He lost track of time only to be awaked nearly at the top by a devastating rumbling from below. He scrambled up the last few rungs and bolted from the top of the vent downwards. As he ran he dropped his gun and took of his utility belt. Fire spat up the shelf as Bond leapt of the cliff. The ground behind him exploded and he felt the heat of the blast. He pulled his rip cord and the parachute opened and a sharp wind blow him away from the complex. He turned to see the entire Cliffside enveloped in flame as the facility came to an end.

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TITLE SEQUENCE

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What do ya think, this is my first go, email me @
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End
file.